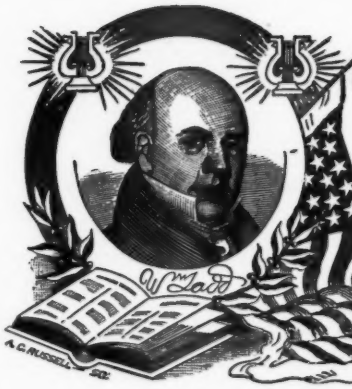

The Advocate of Peace.

BOSTON, JULY AND AUGUST, 1900.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION

INTERNATIONAL COÖPERATION

INTERNATIONAL PEACE

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THE ADVOCATE OF PEACE.

VOL. LXII. BOSTON, JULY AND AUGUST, 1900. No. 7.

THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY,
PUBLISHERS,
NO. 3 SOMERSET STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

MONTHLY, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

The Root of the Trouble in China.

We have been asked how we would have settled the present trouble in China without war. That is as if one were to ask how we would prevent a fire when the flames were already bursting from all the windows. The settlement of the trouble by us without war would have required, first of all, that it be turned over to us for settlement, or that the powers involved in it would agree conscientiously to follow, in their efforts at adjustment, the principles and methods which we might suggest. The utter impossibility of either of these contingencies in the case of the trouble with China shows the thoughtlessness of the question.

The time to have begun the pacific settlement of the difficulty was many years ago. Given certain conditions, practices and beliefs, such as have for a long time existed in the relations of the other countries to China, and war or something like it was inevitable. No advocate of peace has ever been simple enough to imagine that war can be avoided when every condition leading to good understanding and peace has been neglected or trampled under foot.

Thoughtful men who study international affairs philosophically have long foreseen conflict in the far east. It has come more suddenly, more appallingly, than was expected, and in a different way, but it has not come as a surprise. The powers, in their greedy aggressiveness, were expected to fall afoul of one another over the Chinese territory. Just as we were holding our breath over the impending conflict between Russia and Japan, lo! China herself, or a powerful section of her people, rises up in fury, defies the world, and begins the expulsion and massacre of all foreigners. The direfulness of the situation becomes the more heartrending when one considers that it might all have been avoided, that the powers which are now in such sore distress, and crying out in grief and anger against heathen barbarity and cruelty, have themselves chiefly to thank for the calamity.

We are not disposed to forget or to minimize Chinese barbarity, exclusiveness and hatred of foreigners. But these in themselves are inadequate to account for the situation. They have played their part, but without long-continued and excessive provocation they would have resulted in no such extensive and passionate uprising as that now prevailing. Unprovoked, treated with justice and fairness, there is abundant reason to believe that the Chinese would have responded with kindness and confidence about as readily as any other people. Many of them, in spite of the way in which their country has been treated, have large sympathy with the western world and deprecate the present uprising as most unfortunate for China as well as the other countries involved. There are Chinamen scattered throughout all lands, and they appreciate the blessings and advantages which they see. Within the empire the response to Christianity has not been hopelessly slow. The present uprising is not primarily an uprising against Christianity, strongly as the people are attached to their own ancient religion. There is ground to believe that if Christianity had been permitted to enter the empire in a purely Christian way, it would have received no greater, possibly less, persecution than in other un-Christianized countries.

The essential feature of the present uprising is its *anti-foreign* character. It is not a riot in the ordinary sense of the term, though riotous elements have entered powerfully into it. It is directed against the whole body of foreigners, not against Christians alone, not against the legations alone, not against persons of any nation alone. Every foreigner is considered a "foreign devil." The native Christians are massacred, not so much because they are Christians, as because they are in apparent league with the foreigners against China. The reform movement under the young emperor, which for a brief moment promised such prodigious transformation, was hated and choked because it was considered a gigantic scheme by which the foreign powers were swiftly to gain control and sweep away the last vestige of native influence and native supremacy.

Why should the Chinese hate all foreigners and call them by such a diabolical name? The question might with propriety be put the other way: Why

should they not hate them? Foreign governments and peoples have for fifty years treated China with both contempt and highhandedness. The opium war, the forcing of the opium traffic upon them, and the consequent corruption and enslavement of multitudes of the people, was a high crime, moral and political, which the Chinese have never forgotten. One nation after another has forced a "concession" from the government, until the people saw port after port slipping away and the foreigners extending their "spheres of influence" all up and down the coast from Corea to the gulf of Tong-King. Port Arthur, Wei-Hai-Wei, Kiao-Chou, Hong-Kong, Tong-King,—one can imagine the feelings with which intelligent Chinamen and ignorant Chinamen saw these ports in the hands of Russia, Great Britain, Germany and France, and the warships of these powers hovering always along the coast ready to seize something more. Missionaries were mobbed; their home governments seized territory in retaliation. Merchants followed the missionaries, and whenever trouble occurred, often by reason of their own barefaced unscrupulousness, armed force was called in and more "concessions" were secured. The missionaries themselves were sometimes supporters of these aggressions. Hence arose the saying: First the missionary, then the consul, then the general. Everything wore to the Chinese the aspect of a deep laid scheme of conquest. Meantime, in other countries, the Chinese were looked down upon with contempt, mobbed, robbed, massacred. A whole class of them has been excluded by law from our own country, and those who come have often been subjected to humiliating indignities and hardships. No Chinaman, however noble and intelligent, is permitted to become an American citizen. The impending war between Russia and Japan meant to the Chinese further aggressions upon their territory by the victorious party, whichever it might be.

There is something amazing in the selfish coolness with which all foreign peoples lay the blame of the present uprising wholly upon the Chinese. The fact is, the nations are reaping just as they have been sowing. The wonder is that the Chinese bore as long as they did the inroads on their coast and the threats of taking away and dividing up their country. But for their accumulated dread and hatred of foreigners, the Boxer movement would have been comparatively insignificant, if ever heard of in public affairs.

Going to the root of the matter, therefore, the foreign nations have themselves to blame for the terrible calamity which has befallen, and the blood of the innocent men and women who have been outraged and slaughtered rests in no small measure upon their heads. If they would only take home to themselves the lesson and hereafter act toward China according to the simple dictates of justice and fairness, no recurrence of the present trouble need be feared. The simple Christian course to take would be the abandonment of the "concessions" which have been wrung from the Chinese government, the assurance that the integrity of the empire would not be interfered with, and the concession to well-behaved Chinamen in other countries of the same rights and immunities as are granted to the citizens of other nations. If these things were done, the report thereof would run quickly through the whole great empire, there would be no difficulty about the open door which China herself is anxious to maintain, about the freedom of Christianity and trade, and the safety of life and property hereafter. If the opposite course is taken, as seems too probable, and further "concessions" insisted upon, blood exacted for blood to the last drop, contempt heaped upon the Chinaman as heretofore, it takes no extraordinary vision to foresee again in the near future a repetition of the frightful scenes recently enacted, by which all our hearts have been so tortured.

Editorial Notes.

Paying the Penalty.

The latest statistics of the British losses in South Africa show that England is paying very heavily for her conduct in bringing on the Boer war. The list of killed, wounded, captured, died of disease and disabled by sickness now reaches more than forty-eight thousand. By the time this paper reaches our readers, the number will probably be beyond fifty thousand. This equals the entire number of men of military age which the Transvaal at the opening of the war was able to put into the field. Krüger's prophecy of destroying enough of the British to stagger humanity is not far from fulfilment. Nor is the deadly work yet over. The capture of Pretoria did not end the war. The Boers show practically no change of disposition. They still control about three-fourths of the Transvaal. Their armies have been divided up into small bands, which continually hang on the outskirts of Roberts's armies, now and then inflicting heavy blows, as in the case of the disaster to the Scots Greys on the 11th of July. It requires about one-half of the large British force to guard the communications with Cape Town and Durban. It is nine months and more since the war began, and its harvest of death and ruin seems likely to go on for a good while yet. The war spirit is the most unyielding, as well as the most inhuman and irrational, with which man is ever possessed. To it nothing on earth or in heaven is sacred.

Fourth of July.

A battle in which fifteen hundred men are killed and wounded awakens horror. But from statistics carefully gathered it appears that the recent Fourth of July cost the nation

about that number of casualties. It seems incredible that a self-respecting nation, or self-respecting cities, can allow such forms of observing the day as year after year leave behind these sad results. We do not know that any one has made the attempt to estimate the loss of property caused by Fourth of July fires, but it must run up into tens of millions. But this is not the worst. The manner in which the day is observed is an essential degradation of the national life. What sort of patriotism is taught by turning pandemonium loose every twelve months on what ought to be the nation's most serious and sacred day? Before children are old enough to think rightly on the great principles and institutions around which a true love of country grows, their minds are filled, by the noise and claptrap of Fourth of July orgies, with the idea that patriotism in its chief elements consists in hurrah, noise, the firing of pistols, displays of uncontrolled feeling and disregard for the lives and welfare of others. These false notions, hammered and burned into the children's souls by the din and senseless displays of the Fourth of July, can never afterward be wholly eradicated. It is not to be wondered at that when the boys are grown they long for the excitement, noise and spectacular displays of war.

Salisbury's Pangs.

Referring to Lord Salisbury's cynical remarks about missionaries, at the recent bicentenary celebration of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the *Outlook* says:

"The noble marquis took as his text the oriental proverb, 'First missionary, then consul, then general.' He warned missionaries against fostering the idea, not unnaturally current, especially in China, that religious and missionary work was a mere instrument of the secular government. He called attention to the days when the murder of a dozen missionaries caused no single pang. 'They earned their martyrs' crown, while England's Foreign Office looked another way.' Lord Salisbury's hearers, his clerical allies, and missionaries generally, find his remarks unpalatable. They retort that it is not so much the missionaries who have changed as the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, who, in their craving for lands, leases, and usufructs, exploit even the preacher of the gospel. Other critics add that if those called of God to preach the gospel had always followed such counsels of prudence and moderation, the development of both Christianity and civilization would have been sadly delayed. Reference is appropriately made to China. At the beginning of this century Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, applied to the British government for permission to proceed to that country. The government refused. Nothing daunted, Morrison sailed for New York, and there secured passage on an American vessel bound for Canton. The story is told that when the missionary had divulged the object of his journey at the shipping office, one of the clerks remarked cynically, 'And so you really expect to make an impression on Chinese idolatry!' 'No, sir,' sternly replied Morrison, 'but I expect God will.'"

If England's Foreign Office, and others, had kept out of God's way, He would have made a much deeper impression on China than He has, and there would have been much less bloodshed attending the process.

Secretary Hay's Note.

On the 3d of July Secretary Hay sent a note to the powers defining the policy of the United States toward China. The substance of this policy, as outlined by Mr. Hay, is peace with the Chinese nation, the furtherance of lawful commerce, the protection of the lives of American citizens in accordance with the law of nations and extra territorial treaty rights, and the preservation of the integrity of China. The Secretary considers the present condition in China as one of virtual anarchy, and proposes that the United States continue to regard the properly constituted authorities as not in open war with foreign powers so long as they do not enter into overt collusion with the rebellion. In regard to the existing troubles he declares the purpose of our government to be to act concurrently with other powers in opening up communication with Pekin and rescuing the Americans who are in danger, to afford all possible protection everywhere in China to American life and property, to guard and protect all legitimate American interests, to aid in preventing a spread of the disorders to other provinces, and their recurrence in the future. The course which our government has taken has probably done much to prevent friction between the powers, and also to prevent the slicing up of China, which otherwise would almost certainly have followed the suppression of the rebellion. This course will likewise give the United States great influence with whatever native government may hereafter be maintained or set up, and thus on the entire future development of China.

Mohonk Conference.

Not discouraged by the warlike condition of the world, Mr. Albert K. Smiley, who has been doing so much for arbitration by his Mohonk meetings, sent out his usual annual invitations, and the sixth annual Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration was held at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., on the 6th, 7th and 8th of June. About one hundred and fifty persons were present, most of them prominent in their special lines of work. The chief subjects of discussion were the Hague Conference and its work, and an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration. In view of the fact that the Hague Convention does not make arbitration obligatory, the Conference decided to urge the negotiation, by the United States, of treaties of

obligatory arbitration with as many nations as possible, particularly with Great Britain. Some of the addresses were very able, among which might be named that of Mr. Holls on the Hague Conference, that of Mr. Mozumdar of India, and that of Prof. Felix Adler. Some of these addresses we hope to give our readers hereafter. We give on another page the Declaration of the Conference. The full stenographic report of the Conference will be published in September, and may be had by sending five cents for postage to Albert K. Smiley, Lake Mohonk, Ulster Co., N. Y. It is a document which no student of the arbitration and peace movement can afford to do without.

Count Muravieff's Death.

The recent death of Count Muravieff, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, takes away one of the most prominent Russian statesmen of the past, perhaps we should say the present, generation. He will always be remembered in connection with the Hague Conference as the medium through whom the Czar communicated his purpose and plans to the powers. He was peculiarly fitted for this eminent service by reason of his long diplomatic training first at Berlin, then at Stockholm, then at The Hague, and afterwards at Paris and Copenhagen. He had been Minister of Foreign Affairs only about a year when the Hague Conference Rescript was sent out. He followed this up with a trip through the European capitals in the fall and winter of 1898, and thereby did much toward the success of the Conference. His services in this direction were universally recognized, the Czar issuing a special rescript in eulogy of him. We are sorry to say that not all of his projects were of as peaceful an outlook as that of the Hague Conference; he had much to do with Russian aggression in Manchuria and Mongolia, and we fear that many seeds of war dropped from his hand. Perhaps he would have plucked these up if he had lived longer; who knows?

Inhuman and Unhuman.

In his baccalaureate sermon, preached before the senior classes of Adelbert College and the College for Women of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Sunday evening, June 10, Pres. Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D., said:

"The last year of the century is a year for the Anglo-Saxon race unlike any other year for many decades. It is a year of war against inferior races. In the present degree of civilization, war is inevitable. War makes laws silent. War uses reason to deceive, conscience to debase, and will to destroy. War reverses the highest and the lowest. What civilization puts up, war puts down. What war puts up, civilization puts down. It is not because man has not found the human and the divine in himself and in his brother, but it is because man has found the inhuman and the unhuman and the devilish in himself and in his brother, that he fights and slays. You are to live your life and to do your work in the first half of the new century. May that century be a century of peace! For in that peace that reason in you, which is the transcript of the divine reason, shall have the widest field of understanding; in that peace that conscience, which is the voice of God in your bosom, shall speak the most wisely and persuasively; in that peace your will shall have noblest opportunity for giving the best service for the re-creating of the second Eden, which shall be the service of God."

Women's Demonstration.

A great meeting of women was held in Queen's Hall, London, on June 13, to protest against a high-handed policy in South Africa. The great building was packed to its utmost capacity,— area, double row of balconies and platform. Mrs. Leonard Courtney presided. Three resolutions were passed, one condemning the British policy which led up to the war in South Africa, a second deploring the suppression in England of the right of free speech, and a third protesting against the annexation of the Boer republics. The speaking was uniformly good and the enthusiasm great. One woman in the vast audience voted against free speech, much to the amusement of the others. A few voted against the other resolutions, but the voice of the great meeting was practically unanimous against the policy of the British government. In the afternoon of the same day the Annual Council Meetings of the Women's Liberal Federation passed a resolution against the annexation of the republics, by a three-fourths majority. The pity of it is that England's ear is too gross and confused with the rush of war passion to hear what these clear-hearted women have to say.

Brevities.

. . . Hon. William Everett's Phi Beta Kappa oration on "Patriotism," to which we give much of our space this issue, deserves to be read and re-read. It is the clearest and strongest word that has been uttered on the subject.

. . . Hon. Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society, sailed for Europe on the 26th of June. He expects to remain in Europe all summer and attend the Peace Congress, which opens at Paris on the 30th of September.

. . . The annual conference of the Interparliamentary Peace Union will begin on July 31 at Paris, in the French Senate Chamber, at the Luxembourg Palace. A large attendance of members from foreign parliaments is expected. The International Law Association begins its conference at Rouen on the 20th of August.

. . . Longmans, Green & Co., New York, have just published an important book entitled "War and Labor," by Michael Anitchkow, in which the question of peace is discussed largely from the economic point of view. We shall give it extended notice hereafter.

. . . Since the beginning of the war, 10,780 Filipinos have been killed and 2,104 wounded. The Philippine transport service alone has cost about thirteen and a half million dollars. The warfare still goes on, and 60,000 soldiers are still necessary to hold the people in subjection. The Philippine Commission, now at Manila, expect to take charge about the 1st of September.

. . . The Peace Summer School at Mystic, Conn., under the auspices of the Universal Peace Union of Philadelphia, will open on the 1st of August and continue for the month. It will be conducted on lines similar to those of last summer, special attention being given to children's exercises. The school will be followed by the annual peace grove meetings the last week in August.

. . . Dr. B. F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, delivered an address on "The Historic Development of the Peace Idea" at the Summer School of Religious History held at Haverford College, Pa., the last ten days of June.

. . . At the great Christian Endeavor Convention in London, Dr. George C. Lorimer of Boston said that Christian Endeavorers everywhere ought to raise the cry "Brotherhood and no vengeance" in connection with the troubles in China. That is a Christian sentiment "worthy of all acceptation."

. . . The July Magazine Number of *The Outlook* contains an interesting collection of pictures relating to the present Chinese crisis, including authentic portraits of the young Emperor and of Kang Yu Wei, the famous leader of the Chinese reform party — portraits obtained from Chinese sources, and, it is believed, never before published.

"Too Long."

BY JOHN COLLINS.

Too long the earth has mourned the desolation
Of war and carnage since primeval time,
Too oft has nation fought with kindred nation,
And filled the land with sorrow and with crime.

The blood that stained a fratricidal brother
When Abel fell beneath the murderous Cain,
Could not, in after days, forewarn another
From jealousy and hatred to abstain.

Sad is the record from the earliest ages,
Ere the wide waters swept a world away,
Deep is the dye that crimsons History's pages,
Still moistened with the bloodshed of to-day.

Ah! could the myriads slain, to earth returning,
Pass on in long parade before our eyes,
What fearful sights, what groans in anguish burning,
From countless multitudes would then arise!

Shall the relentless sword devour forever
In climes that know not yet the Christian name,
Or warlike science lend its aid to sever
Nations allied in history and in fame?

Shall earthly rulers, rights of man defying,
Demand increase of means for wasteful war,
While many a fertile heritage is lying
Untilled, whose owner shall return no more?

Still darkly from the war-clouds that are bending
O'er populous realms in Asiatic skies,
And conquest yet, its wide domain extending,
Would claim the distant islands as its prize.

What mean the armies raised, as in defiance,
Or warlike vessels launched upon the deep,
But to declare that nations place reliance
Upon competing force their power to keep?

Shame! that the churches fail of their commission,
And by their acts the Prince of Peace ignore,
When, thoughtless of their privileged condition,
They train the young to love the form of war.

Though gloomy be the view o'er land and ocean,
And human passions rage in every clime,
Still press we on, untiring in devotion,
Till Peace shall crown our mission in her time.

Then haste its advent! and the consummation
When man shall find a friend in every foe,
When armistice shall end in arbitration,
And all our efforts shall fruition know.

Perchance, as just before the break of morning,
The darkest mantle shrouds the coming day.
May the past centuries prove a solemn warning
That strife and violence must pass away.

Patriotism.

BY DR. WILLIAM EVERETT.

(Dr. Everett's address, given before the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard University on the 28th of June, has been pronounced the finest oration delivered in this country for many years. We give it in full, with the exception of the introduction in which the position of philosophy as the guide of life is defined, and let it make its own splendid plea for peace and its unanswerable condemnation of war.)

Patriotism — love of country — devotion to the land that bore us — is pressed upon us now as paramount to every other notion in its claims on head, hand and heart. It is pictured to us not merely as an amiable and inspiring emotion, but as a paramount duty, which is to sweep every other out of the way. The thought cannot be put in loftier or more comprehensive words than by Cicero: "*Cari sunt parentes, cari liberi, cari familiares, propinqui; sed omnes hominum caritates una patria complexa est.*" ("Dear are parents, dear are children, dear are friends and relations; but all affections to all men are embraced in country alone.") The Greek, the Roman, the Frenchman, the German, talks about "fatherland," and we are beginning to copy them; though to my ear the English "mother country" is far more tender and true.

Cicero follows up his words by saying that for her no true son would, if need be, hesitate to die. And his words, themselves an echo of what the poets and orators, whose heir he was, had repeated again and again, have been reëchoed and reiterated in many ages since he bowed his neck to the sword of his country's enemy.

But to give life for their country is the least part of what men have been willing to do for her. Human life has often seemed a very trifling possession to be exposed cheaply in all sorts of useless risks and feuds. It has been the cheerful sacrifice of the things that make life worth living, the eager endurance of things far worse than death, which show the mighty power which love of country holds over the entire being of men. Wealth that Croesus might have envied has been poured at the feet of our mother, and sacrifices taken up which St. Francis never knew. Ease and luxury, refined company and cultivated employment have been rejected for the hardships and suffering of the camp; the sympathy and idolatry of home have been abandoned for the tenfold hardships and sufferings of a political career; and at the age when we can offer neither life nor living as of any value to one's country, those children and grandchildren, which were to have been the old man's and the old woman's solace, are freely sent forth in the cause of the

country, which will send back nothing but a sword and cap to be hung on the wall and never be worn by living man again.

Such are the sacrifices men have cheerfully made for the existence, the honor, the prosperity of their country. But perhaps the power of patriotism is shown more strongly in what it makes them do than in what it makes them give up. You know how many men have been, as it were, born again by the thought that they might illustrate the name and swell the force of their country, achieving what they never would have aroused themselves to do for themselves alone. I do not mean the feats of military courage and strategy which are generally talked of as the sum of patriotic endeavor. I recollect in our war being told by a very well-known soldier, who is now a very well-known civilian, that it was conceited for me or any other man to think in time of war he could serve his country in any way but in the ranks. But, in fact, every art and every science has won triumphs under the stress of patriotism that it has hardly known in less enthusiastic days. The glow that runs through every line of Sophocles and Virgil, as they sung the glories of Athens and Rome, is reflected in the song of our own bards from Spencer and Shakespeare to this hour; the rush and sweep of Demosthenes and Cicero dwelling on the triumphs and duties of their native lands are only the harbingers of Burke and Webster on the like themes; the beauty into which Bramante and Angelo poured all their souls to adorn their beloved Florence was lavished under no other impulse than that which set all the science of France working to relieve her agriculture and manufactures from the pressure laid upon her by the strange vicissitudes of her Revolution.

Not all this enthusiasm has succeeded: there have been patriotic blunders as well as patriotic triumphs; but still it stands true that men are spurred on to make the best of themselves in the days when love of country glowed strongest in their hearts. It would seem as if all citizens poured their individual affections and devotions into one Superior Lake from which they all burst in one Niagara of patriotism.

IS PATRIOTISM A PARAMOUNT DUTY?

I am ashamed, however, to press such a commonplace proposition before this audience and in this place, where the walls are as redolent of love of country as Faneuil Hall itself. The question is, if philosophy, our chosen guide of life, has anything to say of this same love of country — if she brings that under her rule, as she does so much else of life, supplementing, curtailing, correcting — or whether patriotism may bid defiance to philosophy, claiming her submission as she claims the submission of every other human interest, and bidding her yield and be absorbed, or stand off and depart to her visionary utopia, where the claims of practical duty and natural sentiment do not seek to follow her.

For, indeed, we are told now that patriotism is not merely a generous and laudable emotion, but a paramount and overwhelming duty, to which everything else which men have called duties must give way. If a monarch, a statesman, a soldier stands forth preëminent in exalting the name or spreading the bounds of his country, he is a patriot — and that is enough.

Such a leader may be as perjured and blasphemous as Frederic, or as brutal and stupid as his father; he may be as faithless and mean as Marlborough, or as dissolute and bloody as Julius Cæsar; he may trample on every right of independent natives and drive his countrymen to the shambles like Napoleon; he may be as corrupt as Walpole and as wayward as Chatham; he may be destitute of every spark of culture, or may prostitute the gifts of the Muses to the basest ends; he may have, in short, all manner of vices, curses or defects,—but if he is true to his country, if he is her faithful standard bearer, if he strives to set and keep her high above her rivals, he is right, a worthy patriot. And if he seems lukewarm in her cause, if, however wise and good and accomplished he may be in all other relations, he fails to work with all his heart and soul to maintain her position among the nations, he must be stamped with failure if not with curse.

THE "RIGHT OR WRONG" THEORY.

For the plain citizen who does not claim to be a leader in peace or war, the duty is still clearer. He must stand by his country, according to what those who have her destiny in their control decide is her proper course. In war, or in peace, he is to have but one watchword. In peace indeed, his patriotic duty will chiefly be shown by obeying existing laws, wherever they may strike, even as Socrates rejected all thought of evading the unjust, stupid and malignant sentence that took his life. But it is not thought inconsistent with that true love of country to let one's opinions be known about those laws, and about the good of the country in general, in time of peace. In a free land like ours every citizen is expected to be ready with voice and vote to do his part in correcting what is amiss, in protesting against bad laws, and, as far as he may, defeating bad men whom he believes to be seeking his country's ruin. Nay, a citizen of a free country who did not so criticize would be held to be derelict to that highest duty which free lands, differing from slavish despotisms, impose upon their sons.

But in time of war we are told that all this is changed. As soon as our country is arrayed against another under arms, every loyal son has nothing to do but to support her armies to victory; he may desire peace, but it must be 'peace with honor,' whatever that phrase of the greatest charlatan of modern times may mean. He must not question the justice or the expediency of the war; he must either fight himself or encourage others to fight. Criticism of the management of the war may be allowable; of the fact of the war, it is treason. And the word for the patriot is, "Our country, right or wrong."

PHILOSOPHY SAYS, "HOLD!"

Right here, then, as I conceive it, philosophy raises her warning finger before the passionate enthusiast and says, "Hold!" In the name of higher thought, of deeper law, of more serious principle, to which every man here, every child of Harvard, every brother of this society is bound to listen, philosophy says, "Hold!" with the terror of the voice within, with the majesty of the voice from above to Americans now, and, with the spirit of Socrates returning to earth, it bids them know what they mean by the words they use, or they may be crowning as a lofty emotion that which is only an unreasoning passion, and clothing with the robes of duty what is only a superstition. This love of country, this patriotic ardor of ours must submit to have philosophy investigate her

claims to rule above all other emotions, not in the interest of any less generous emotion, not to make men more sordid or selfish, but simply because there is a rule called truth, and a measure called right, by which every human action is bound to be gauged—because, though all gods and men and fiends should league all their forces, and link the golden chain to Olympus to draw its glory down to their purposes, they will only find themselves drawn upwards subject to its unchanging laws, the weak members hanging in the air, and the vile ones hurled down to Tartarus.

WHAT CONSTITUTES COUNTRY?

What is this country — this mother country, this fatherland that we are bidden to love and serve and stand by at any risk and sacrifice? Is it the soil? the land? the plains and mountains and rivers? the fields, and forests, and mines? No doubt there is inspiration from this very earth — from that part of the globe which one nation holds, and which we call our country. Poets and orators have dwelt again and again on the undying attractions to our own land, no matter what it is like; the Dutch marshes, the Swiss mountains, soft Italy and stern Spain equally clutching on the hearts of their people with a resistless chain. But a land is nothing without the men. The very same countries, whose scenery, tame or bold, charming or awful, has been the inspiration to gallant generations, may, as the wheel of time turns, fall to indolent savages, listless slaves or sordid money-getters. Byron has told us this in lines which the men of his own time felt were instinct with creative genius, but which the taste of the day rejects for distorted thoughts in distorted verse:

"Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven, crouching slave;
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
O servile offspring of the free —
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
'Twere long to tell and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace;
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes; self-abasement paved a way
To villain bonds and despot sway."

It is the nation, not the land, which makes the patriot; if the nation degenerate, the land becomes only a monument, not a dwelling — let the nation rouse itself and the country may be a palace and a temple once more.

KINGS VERSUS POPULAR RULERS.

But who are the men that make the nation? Are they the whole of the population or a part only? Are they one party only among the people, which is ready perhaps to regard the other party not as countrymen, but as aliens? Is the country the men who govern her and control her destinies, the king, the nobles, the popular representatives, the delegates to whom power is transmitted when the people resign it? Once the king was the nation, with perhaps a few counselors; patriotism meant loyalty to the sovereign; every man who on any pretext arrayed himself against the crown was a disloyal rebel, an unpatriotic traitor; until at length God for his own purposes saw fit to array Charles the First against the people of England, when after years of civil war and twice as many years of hollow peace, and five times as many years when discussion was stifled or put aside, the world came to recognize that loyalty to one's king and love to one's country are as different in their nature as the light of a lamp and the light of the sun.

And yet if a king understands the spirit and heart of his nation, he may lead it so truly in peace or in war that love of country shall be inseparable from devotion to the sovereign. Modern historians may load their pages as they please with revelations of meanness, the falsehood, the waywardness of Queen Elizabeth, yet England believed in her and loved her; and if England rose from ruin to prosperity in her reign, it was because her people trusted her. In her day, as for two centuries before, Scotland, where three different races had been welded together by Bruce to produce the most patriotic of peoples, had scarcely a true national existence, certainly nothing that men could cling to with affection and pride, because kings and commons were alike the prey of a poor, proud, selfish nobility who suffered nobody to rule, scarcely to live, but themselves; exempting themselves from the laws which they forced upon their country.

An American cries out at the idea of a trusted aristocracy, seeking to drag the force and affection of a nation of vassals, and calling that patriotism. Then what will he say to the patriotism of some of those lands which have made their national name ring through the world for the triumphs and the sacrifices of which it is the emblem? What was Sparta? What was Venice? What was Bern? What was Poland? Merely the fields where the most exclusive aristocracies won name and fame and wealth and territory, only to sink their unrecognized subject-citizens lower every year in the scale of true nationality. Not one of these identified the nation with the people. Or does an American insist on a democracy where the entire people's voice speaks through rulers of its choosing? Does he prefer the patriotism of Athens, where thirty thousand democrats kept up an interminable feud with ten thousand conservatives, one ever plunging the city into rash expeditions, the other, as soon as its wealth gave it the upper hand, disfranchising, exiling, killing the majority of the people, because it could hire stronger arms to crush superior numbers?

What was the patriotism of the Italian cities, when faction alternately banished faction, when Dante suffered no more than he would have inflicted had his side got the upper hand? What was the patriotism in either Greece or Italy, which confined itself to its own city, and where city enjoyed far more fighting against city than ever thinking of union to save the common race from bondage? For years, for centuries, for ages, the nations that would most eagerly repeat such sentiments as Cicero's about love of country never dreamed of using the word in any sense that a philosopher, nay, that a plain, truth-telling man, could not convict at once of meanness and contradiction.

LOWELL'S BITING SATIRE.

But we of modern times look back with pity and contempt on those benighted ages who had not discovered the great arcanum of representative government, whereby a free nation chooses the men to whom it intrusts its concerns — its presidents and its prime ministers,

its parliaments and congresses and courts. Yet even this mighty discovery, whereby modern nations are raised so far above those poor old world creatures, the Greeks and Romans and mediæval Italians, has not so far controlled factional passion that many countries do not live in a perpetual civil war, which Athens and Corinth would have been ashamed of. We all know how our dear sister republics of Central and Southern America, which, as Mr. Webster said, looked to the great Northern Light in forming their constitutions, treat their elections as merely indications which of two parties shall be set up to be knocked down by rifles and bombshells, unless it retains its hold by such means. But how with ourselves? How with England? How with France? How often do we regard our elected governors as really standing for the whole nation and deserving its allegiance.

In 1846 the President of the United States and his counselors hurried us into a needless, a bullying, a wicked war. Fully a quarter of the country felt it was an outrage and nothing else. But appeals were made to stand by the government, against which our own merciless satirist directed the lines which must have forever tingled in the ears and the consciences of the men who supported what they knew was irretrievably wicked:

> "The side of our country must allus be took,
> And President Polk, you know, he is our country;
> And the angel who writes all our sins in a book
> Puts the debit to him and to us the percontry."

No, brethren! no president, no prime minister, no cabinet, no congress or parliament, no deftly organized representative or executive body is or can be our country. To pay them a patriot's affectionate allegiance is as illogical as loyalty to James II. or to the French National Convention. Mere obedience to law when duly enacted is one thing: Socrates may drink the hemlock rather than run away from the doom to which a court of his native city has consigned him; but when the tribunals of that country perpetrated such a mockery of justice, Plato and Xenophon were right in cherishing to their dying day a poignant sense of outrage, an implacable grudge against such a step-mother as blood-stained Athens.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

But sometimes the voice of the whole people speaks unmistakably; its ruler is the true agent and representative of a united and determined people; the will of the nation is unquestioned. Who are you, who am I, that we should dispute it, and think ourselves wiser and better than all our countrymen? Is not the whole nation the mother, whom to disobey is the highest sin? No! the particular set of men who make up the nation at any time will die and pass away, and what will their sons think of what they made their country do?

In 1854 the Emperor Nicholas, whose thoughts were never far from Constantinople, picked an unintelligible quarrel with the Sultan of Turkey. The unprincipled adventurer who contrived to add new stains to the name of Napoleon Bonaparte saw his chance to win glory for the Gallic eagle; he plunged into war, and entrapped England into it with him. The wise old statesman who was at the head of the English government knew the war was needless and wrong — he did his utmost to stop it; but his countrymen preferred to listen to the reckless Palmerston, and they lashed first themselves and then Aberdeen into war. The whole nation went mad. John Bright told them the philosophic, the political, the Christian truth, and Palmerston insulted him on the floor of the House of Commons. Two years were consumed in the costly and pestilential siege of Sebastopol; a hollow peace was patched up, of which the only significant article was after a short interval impudently broken by Russia; the unspeakable Turk was given another thirty years' lease of life. And now I do not believe there is one grown man in England among the sons and grandsons of those who fought the Crimean War who does not believe Aberdeen and Bright were right, that Palmerston and England were wrong; and that the war was a national blunder, a national sin, a national crime. When John Bright stood almost against the whole nation, he was neither self-conceited nor unpatriotic, but a great and good man speaking as the prophet of God.

Yes, a whole people may be wrong, and deserve at best the pity of a real patriot rather than his active love. Our country is something more than the single procession which passes across its borders in one generation; it means the land with all its people in all their periods; the ancestors whose exertions made us what we are, and whose memory is precious to us; the posterity to whom we are to transmit what we prize, unstained as we received it; and he who loves his country truly and serves her rightly must act and speak not for the present generation alone, but for all that rightly live, every event in whose history is inseperable from every other. If we pray, as does the seal of Boston, that "God will be to us as he was to the fathers," then we must be to God what our fathers were.

HOW CAN LOVE OF COUNTRY BE SHOWN?

But after philosophy has forced the vociferous patriot to define what he means by his country, she has a yet more searching question to ask: What will you do and what will you suffer for this country you love? How shall your love be shown? There is one of the old Greek maxims which says in four words of that divine language what a modern tongue can scarcely stammer in four times four: "Sparta is thine allotted home; make her a home of order and beauty." Whatever our country needs to make her perfect, that she calls on us to do. I have run over to you some of the great sacrifices and great exertions which patriots have made to make their dear home perfect and themselves perfect for her sake. But everything done or renounced to make her perfect must recognize that she is not perfect yet; and what our country chiefly calls on us for is not mighty exertions and sacrifices, but those particular ones, small or great, which shall do her real good and not harm. That her commerce should whiten every sea; that her soil should yield freely vegetable and mineral wealth; that she should be dotted with peaceful homes, the abode of virtue and love; that her cities should be adorned with all that is glorious in art; that famine and poverty and plague and crime should be fought with all the united energy of head and hand and heart; that historians and poets and orators should continue to make her high achievements and mighty aims known to all her children and to the world; that the oppressed of every land may

find a refuge within her borders; that she may stand before her sister nations indeed a sister, loved and honored, — these are the commonplaces, tedious, if noble to recount, of what patriotism has sought to do in many ages. Yet in every one of these things, when actually achieved, there has often been a worm at the core of the showy fruit, which has made their mighty authors but little better than magnificent traitors.

For every one of these has been achieved at the expense of other nations, as ancient, as glorious, as dear to their own children, as worthy of patriotic love as their triumphant antagonist; and every one has been achieved at the still worse price of corruption and tyranny at home. Every country has in times mistaken material for moral wealth, and has grown corrupt as she grew great; and every country in time has fancied that she could not be great and honored while her sisters were great and honored too, and has gone to war with them, hoping to enlarge her borders at their expense, and to gain by their loss. It is here, again, at this very point, that the philosopher calls upon the patriot to say what he means by his cry, "Our country, right or wrong," the maxim of one who threw away an illustrious life in that worst of wicked encounters, a duel. If there are such words as right and wrong, and those words stand for eternal realities, why shall not a nation, why shall not her loving sons be made to bow to the same law, the utterance of God in history and in the heart? Can a king, can a president, can a congress, can a whole nation by its pride or its passions turn wrong into right; or what authority have they to trifle or shuffle with either?

"MUST NOT DESERT THE FLAG."

We are told that if we ever find ourselves at war with another country, no matter how that war was brought on, no matter what folly or wickedness broke the peace, no matter how completely we might oppose and deprecate it up to the moment of its outbreak, no matter how as truthful historians we may condemn it after it is over, no matter how iniquitous or tyrannical our sense and our conscience tells us are the terms on which peace has been obtained, we ought, during the war, to be heartily and avowedly for it. "We must not desert the flag." Patriotism demands that we should always stand by our country as against every other.

And what are the patriots in our rival country to be doing the while? Are they to support the war against us whether they think it right or wrong? Are they cheerfully to pay all taxes? Are they to volunteer for every battle? Are they to carry on war to the knife, or the last ditch? Is their love for their country to be as unreasoning, as purely a matter of emotion as ours? Certainly, if the doctrine of indiscriminate patriotism, "our country, right or wrong," is the true one. If France and Germany fight, no matter what the cause, every Frenchman must desire to see Germany humiliated, and every German to see France brought to her knees, and it is absolutely their duty to have all cognizance of right and wrong swallowed up in passionate loyalty. Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Bright were right in deprecating the Crimean War up to the moment of its declaration; history says they were right now; but while the war lasted it was their duty to sacrifice their sense of right to help the government aims. Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay were right in pouring out their most scathing eloquence against the Mexican War; General Grant was right in recording in his memoirs that he believed it unjust and unnecessary; yet Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay only fulfilled patriotic duty in sending their sons to die one by the sword and one by the fever, in the same army where Grant did his duty by fighting against his conception of right.

SENTIMENTAL NONSENSE.

Brethren, I call this sentimental nonsense. It cannot be patriotic duty to say up to 1846 that our country will be wrong if she fights, to say after 1849 that she was wrong in fighting, but to hold one's tongue and maintain her so-called cause in 1847 and 1848 though we know it is wrong all along. And, observe, these patriots make no distinction between wars offensive and defensive, wars for aggression and conquest and wars for national existence. In any war, in all wars in which our country gets engaged, we must support her; her honor demands that we shall not back out.

Oh, honor! that terrible word, the very opposite of duty; unknown in that sense to the soldiers, the statesmen, the patriots of Greece and Rome; honor, the invention of the Gothic barbarians, which more than any other one thing has reduced poor Spain to her present low estate! There was a time when individual men talked about their honor, and stood up to be stabbed and shot at, whether right or wrong, to vindicate it. That infernal fiction, the honor of the duel, was on the point sixty years ago of drawing Macaulay into the field in defense of a few sarcastic paragraphs in a review which he admitted himself were not to be justified. It was very shortly after that that Prince Albert came to England with his earnest, simple, modest character; he used all his influence to stop the practice and the very idea of dueling; and now all England recognizes that any and every duel is a sin, a crime and a folly, and that the code of honor has no defense before God or man. When shall the day come when the nations feel the same about public war? When shall the words of our own poet find their true and deserved acceptance, not as a poetical rhapsody, but as practical truth?

> "Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals and forts.
>
> "The warrior's name would be a name abhorred,
> And every nation that should lift again
> Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
> Would bear forevermore the curse of Cain."

WAR ANTIQUATED, BLUNDERING AND CRIMINAL.

Brethren, if there is anything of which philosophy must say it is wrong, that thing is war. I do not mean any particular school of philosophy, ancient or modern. But I mean if any one studies the nature of God and man in the light of history, with a view to draw from that study rules of sound thought and maxims of right action, he must say war is wrong, an antiquated, blundering, criminal means of solving a national doubt by accepting the certainty of misery. I began my address with Cicero's definition of patriotism. I now recall to you his sentence wrung from the heart of a man who had blazoned with his eloquence the fame of many great soldiers, and was not even himself without a spark of

military ambition, when he found his fellow-citizens bent on a war which must be fatal and could not be glorious: "*Quid ego praetermisi aut monitorum aut querelarum, cum vel iniquissimam pacem justissimo bello anteferrem?*" ("What did I omit in the way of warning and wailing, preferring as I did the most unfair peace to the justest war?")

Granting — as I do not — that war is sometimes necessary, so cutting off a man's leg, or extirpating an organ may be necessary, but it is always a horrible thing all the same. And just as the conservative surgery of our age is at work day and night to avoid these destructive operations, so the statesmanship of the day ought to be at work, not specifically to secure arbitration, as if that were anything more than a possible method, but to stop war, as an eternal shame. And granting war is sometimes necessary, if it is ever engaged in for any cause less than necessary, it is wrong, and the country is wrong that engages in it. A doubtful war, a war about which opinions are divided, is for that very reason not doubtfully evil, and the country that makes it is wrong. Yes, brethren, a nation may be in the wrong, in every war one nation must be in the wrong, and generally both are; and if any country, yours or mine, is in the wrong, it is our duty as patriots to say so, and not support the country we love in a wrong because our countrymen have involved her in it. In the war of our Revolution, when Lord North had the king and virtually the country with him, Fox lamented that Howe had won the battle of Long Island and wished he had lost it. What! an Englishman wish an English army to be defeated? Yes, because England was wrong, and Fox knew it and said so.

THE IDEA OF WAR AS A GOOD THING.

But there is a theory lately started, or rather an old one revived, that war is a good thing in itself, that it does a nation good to be fighting and killing the patriot sons of another nation, who love their country as we do ours. We are told that every strenuous man's life is a battle of one kind, and that the virile character demands some physical belligerency. Yes, every man's life must be to a great extent a fight, but this preposterous doctrine would make every man a prize fighter.

They say war elicits acts of heroism and self-sacrifice that the country does not know in the lethargy of peace. Heroism and self-sacrifice! There are more heroic and sacrificial acts going on in the works of peace than the brazen throat of war could proclaim in a twelve-month. The track of every practising physician is marked by heroic disregard of life that Napoleon's old guard might envy. Every fire like that of Chicago, every flood like that of Johnstown, every plague and famine like that of India, are fields carpeted with the flowers of heroic self-sacrifice; they spring up from the very graves and ashes. And these flowers do not have grow up beside them the poisoned weeds of self-seeking or corruption which are sure to precede, to attend, to follow every war. The dove of peace that brings the leaves of healing does not have trooping at her wings the vultures that treat their living soldiers like carrion. When Lucan has run throughout the catalogue of the national miseries that followed the quarrel of Cæsar and Pompey, he winds them all up in the terrible words, "*multis utile bellum*," — "war profitable to many men.'

There is now much questioning of the propriety of capital punishment; it is strongly urged that the State has no right to take the life even of a hardened criminal, whose career has shown no trace of humanity or usefulness, and has put the capstone of murder on every other crime. And yet we are told it is perfectly right to take a young man of the highest promise, a blessing to all who knew him, the very man to live for his country, and send him to be cut down by a bullet or by dysentery in a cause he cannot approve.

But there is a still newer theory come up about war as applied to ourselves. It seems that we share with a very few other peoples in the world a civilization so high, and institutions so divine, that it is our duty and our destiny to go about the globe swallowing up inferior peoples, and bestowing on them, whether they will or not, the blessings of the American — Constitution? Well, no! not of the American Constitution, but of the American dominion — and that when we are once started on this work of absorption, they are rebels who do not accept these blessings. Now if this precious doctrine were true, it utterly annihilates the old notion of patriotism and love of country; for that notion called upon every nation, however small or weak or backward, to maintain to the death its independence against any other, however great or strong or progressive. According to this Mohammedan doctrine, this "death or the Koran" doctrine, the Finns and Poles are not patriots because they object to being absorbed by Russia, and the Hamburgers were rebels for not accepting the beneficent incorporation into France graciously proffered to them by Marshal Davoust.

THE FATE OF ATHENS.

But I will not enlarge upon this delicate subject of modern Americanism. It is bad enough for the nations we threaten to absorb. It is worse for us, the absorbers. I will ask you to remember what befell a noble nation which took up the work of benevolently absorbing the world.

When Xerxes had been driven back in tears to Persia, his rout released scores of Greek islands and cities, in the loveliest of lands and seas, and inhabited by the highest and wisest of men. There is nothing in art or literature or science or government that did not take its rise from them. Their tyrant gone, they looked around for a protector. They saw that Athens was mighty on the sea, and they heard that she was just and generous to all who sought her citadel; and they put themselves, their ships and treasure, in the power of Athens, to use them as she would for the common defense. And the league was scarcely formed, the Persian was but just crushed, when the islands began to find that protection meant subjection. They could not bear to think that they had only changed masters even if Aristides himself assigned their tribute, and some revolted. The rebellion was cut down, Athens went on expanding, she made her subject islands pay money instead of ships, she transferred the treasury to her own citadel, she spent the money of her allies in those marvelous adornments that have made her the crown of beauty for the world forever. Wider and wider did the empire of the Athenian democracy extend. Five armies fought her battles in a single year in five lands; Persia and Egypt, as well as Sparta, feeling the valor of her soldiers. And the heart of Athens got

drunk with glory, and the brain of Athens got crazed with power, and the roar of her boasting rose up to heaven joined with the wail of her deceived and trampled subjects. And one by one they turned and fell from her, and joined their arms to her rival, who promised them independence; and every fond and mad endeavor to retain her empire only sucked her deeper into the eddy of ruin; and at length she was brought to her knees before her rival and her victorious fleet and her impregnable walls were destroyed with the cry that now began the freedom of Greece.

It was only the beginning of new slavery. Enslaved by the faithless Sparta, who sold half the cities back to Persia, patching up once more a hollow alliance with Athens, enslaved by Macedonia, enslaved by Rome, enslaved by the Turks,— poor Greece holds at last what she calls her independence, under the protection of the great civilizing nations who let her live because they cannot agree how to cut up her carcass if they slay her.

RIGHT AND TRUTH ABOVE PATRIOTISM.

Brethren, even as Athens began by protection and passed into tyranny and then into ruin, so shall every nation be who interprets patriotism to mean that it is the only nation in the world, and that every other which stands in the way of what it chooses to call destiny must be crushed. Love your country, honor her, live for her, if necessary die for her, but remember that whatever you would call right or wrong in another country is right and wrong for her and for you; that right and truth and love to man and allegiance to God are above all patriotism; and that every citizen who sustains his country in her sins is responsible to humanity, to history, to philosophy, and to Him to whom all nations are as a drop in the bucket, and the small dust on the balance.

Declaration of the Mohonk Lake International Arbitration Conference.

The year has been a checkered one in the history of peace. The war with Spain was concluded by the treaty of Paris, but even yet the fighting drags on in the Philippines. A still more bloody and bitter war has been carried on in South Africa. These conflicts sadden the hearts of all who love the principles which this conference advocates. Yet friends of peace need not be discouraged. These wars have given to the world a sad lesson of the folly and of the danger to states of submitting to the arbitrament of force such differences as might be settled by the arbitrament of reason.

On the other hand, the friends of peace have occasion to exult in the accomplishment of a work unparalleled in human history, by which nearly all the nations of the world have become associated in a declared purpose to avoid war. By the labors of the distinguished members of the Peace Conference at The Hague, in which the representatives of this country had so honorable a part, there has been provided an august permanent tribunal, before which every nation can bring its differences with other powers, assured of an impartial decision. This conference rejoices to know that twenty-six nations have ratified the treaty constituting this international court, the United States being the first power to act. It also rejoices to be informed that the permanent organization of this great tribunal will be soon accomplished, so that it will be ready to do the work assigned to it. This union of the nations of the earth is an event of the first historic importance, fitly rounding out a great century, and giving promise of immeasurable good for the centuries to come.

This wonderful event, achieved during the past year, imperatively settles the next step which the friends of peace should take,— namely, to induce this government to enter into separate treaties with all other powers, under which all such difficulties with them as cannot be settled by the usual diplomatic negotiations shall be referred to the international tribunal at The Hague. The reference of disputes to that tribunal is, under the provision of the treaty, now only permissive. This was as much as that conference could well devise and recommend. What is now permissive should, as far as this country is concerned, be made obligatory. This can be accomplished by new and brief treaties with the other powers, under the terms of which all disputes which may arise, of whatever nature, not settled by ordinary diplomatic methods, shall be referred for final decision to this permanent court of the nations. To this end this conference hereby petitions the President of the United States that he enter into negotiations with other powers for such treaties, and it further appeals to the people of the United States that they create such a public opinion that such treaties shall be promptly ratified by the Senate of the United States.

To the end that such a public opinion in favor of peace and arbitration may be attained, this conference recommends that public meetings be held for this purpose in the larger and smaller centers of population, and it especially urges that the blessings of peace, rather than the glories of war, be emphasized in our common and higher schools; and it particularly requests that teachers of religion shall in their ministrations, and especially at the Christmas season, urge upon their people the obligation to use all influence in their power to bring to the earth the rule of that spirit of peace and charity which sees in every race or nation brothers for whose welfare this nation has a duty as well as for its own.

Peace the Ideal and Normal Life.

The function of a college in its relation to the peaceful arts of life was excellently set forth by Walter E. Howard, LL.D., professor of political science and history, in his oration at the recent centennial celebration of the founding of Middlebury College, Vermont. Here is what he says on the duty of the college to teach the "science of constructive life and the arts of peace":

"The college of the future should teach the love of country and the duties of good citizenship. It should not teach a blinded fetishism that says to the evil of a party platform, 'be thou my good.' It should make good citizens because it makes good men. Young men should not be made to believe, nor be permitted to believe, that politics is simply a field for individual ambition to wrestle in, or that public office is simply big game to stalk for the excitement of the hunt and the personal glory of a great kill. But they should be taught that public office is indeed a public trust — not a prize for some supreme egotist to clutch, but a crown for some humble head to wear. And the college of the future

should teach the solidarity of the race, the brotherhood of man. Every year the world is fuller, and every year the competition for work and place grows swifter and more fierce. Must it be that with this increasing struggle men must grow more savage and relentless, like wild beasts growling over white bones in a jungle? I will not believe it. Against the advocates of the strenuous life that would trample a pitiless way to selfish success, let the college interpose with lessons of gentleness and pity. Against the cynicism of ambition and selfishness let the college put unselfishness and the love of God. They have the experience of the relentless world, they have the arrogance of success, but we have the blessing of Heaven and the brave heart of generous youth, and onit the American colleges in the coming years may writetheir will.

"Peace is not only the ideal but it is the normal state of society. Wars are not the rule but the exception. To fit young men for the peaceful pursuits of life is the function of the college. Creative genius is of a higher order than the savage instinct of death and destruction. To create is better than to destroy, to build up is better than to tear down. Man has not yet trod out of his nature the taint of the savage, the lust of conquest and the thirst for blood. The barbaric splendor of shining arms and clashing steel and rolling drums and the thunder of the charge have still their charm, but, nevertheless, peace and not war is the ideal and the normal life. We do pray 'give us peace in our time,' and we look forward to that promised day when the nations shall learn war no more. Is that the vision of a dreamer, the dream of a poet, or the promise of God? Is it then 'fie on this dull life'? Well, there is left the danger of carrying cups of water to them who die of pestilence, and there remains the excitement of giving bread to them that starve. The work of this college in the future as in the past is not to teach the sacrifice of slaughter or the acts of war, but rather to teach the science of constructive life and the arts of peace; to make good men and wise men, who shall not only make an impress upon their own time but upon all time to come; to make scholars who shall master the wisdom of the past and mould it into blessing for the coming age; to make statesmen who shall solve the perplexing problems of the advancing years; to make jurists who shall wisely judge, and without fear or favor administer the law as those who share with God function divine; to make preachers who shall still the turmoil in the world's troubled heart and lead mankind into paths of peace; to make citizens to whose wisdom and valor the honor and the destiny of this great nation may be safely left."

New Books.

THE ALABAMA ARBITRATION. By Thomas Willing Balch. Philadelphia: Allen, Lane & Scott. Cloth, 150 pages.

This work, just from the press, ought to be of great value to students of the history of arbitration. It is "an attempt to tell the story of the Alabama arbitration as far as possible in the words of the participants in that drama." The account is given with a fine historic sense, and is full of life and interest. The notes, references to documents, quotations from letters and speeches greatly enhance the usefulness of the work. In an appendix the decision and award of the Geneva Tribunal is given.

L'EVANGILE DU SANG (The Gospel of Blood). By Paul Hyacinthe Loyson. Geneva: Ch. Eggiman & Co.

In this little drama in one act, Monsieur Loyson, in splendid French, dramatizes in a most vigorous and picturesque way the strife which is going on in the Anglo-Saxon world between the moral ideals of justice and liberty which have hitherto prevailed and given such lustre to Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the spirit of militarism, conquest and domination now so largely prevailing. The place which women are taking in the effort to stay the tide of militarism and to enthrone the spirit of goodwill and peace is made prominent in the scene. The two principal characters are Jack Mansfield, an admiral, and his wife Jane. She comes *incognito* to visit him on his ship, on the eve of the bombardment of a coast town, reveals herself to him, begs him to desist from bombardment and to give himself to the new movement for humanity. The scene between them, as the admiral struggles with the conflicting ideas, is drawn with great force. She fails to persuade him, leaves the ship, and finally, when the great guns begin their deadly work, is destroyed by a shell from his ship. There is as yet no English edition of the drama, but Monsieur Loyson, we understand, expects to have it translated shortly.

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ARTICLE I. This Society shall be designated the "AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY."

ART. II. This Society, being founded on the principle that all war is contrary to the spirit of the gospel, shall have for its object to illustrate the inconsistency of war with Christianity, to show its baleful influence on all the great interests of mankind, and to devise means for insuring universal and permanent peace.

ART. III. Persons of every Christian denomination desirous of promoting peace on earth and goodwill towards men may become members of this Society.

ART. IV. Every annual subscriber of two dollars shall be a member of this Society.

ART. V. The payment of twenty dollars at one time shall constitute any person a Life-member.

ART. VI. The chairman of each corresponding committee, the officers and delegates of every auxiliary contributing to the funds of this Society, and every minister of the gospel who preaches once a year on the subject of peace, and takes up a collection in behalf of the cause, shall be entitled to the privileges of regular members.

ART. VII. All contributors shall be entitled within the year to one-half the amount of their contributions in the publications of the Society.

ART. VIII. The Officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer, an Auditor and a Board of Directors, consisting of not less than twenty members of the Society, including the President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be ex-officio members of the Board. All Officers shall hold their offices until their successors are appointed, and the Board of Directors shall have power to fill vacancies in any office of the Society. There shall be an Executive Committee of seven, consisting of the President, Secretary and five Directors to be chosen by the Board, which Committee shall, subject to the Board of Directors, have the entire control of the executive and financial affairs of the Society. Meetings of the Board of Directors or the Executive Committee may be called by the President, the Secretary, or two members of such body. The Society or the Board of Directors may invite persons of well-known legal ability to act as Honorary Counsel.

ART. IX. The Society shall hold an annual meeting at such time and place as the Board of Directors may appoint, to receive their own and the Treasurer's report, to choose officers, and transact such other business as may come before them.

ART. X. The object of this Society shall never be changed; but the Constitution may in other respects be altered, on recommendation of the Executive Committee, or of any ten members of the Society, by a vote of three-fourths of the members present at any regular meeting.

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